THE WORLD.

TUESDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 21.

SUBSCRIPTION TO THE EVENING EDITION (Including Postage). PER MONTH, 30c.; PER YEAR, \$3.50.

Circulation Books and Press Room OPEN TO ALL.

THE CIRCULATION OF THE EVENING EDITION

THE WORLD for the week ending Saturday, Feb. 18. was as follows :

Monday 92.040 TUESDAY 99,000 WEDNESDAY 88,400 THURSDAY 88,640 FRIDAY 89.760 SATURDAY 92,800 Average for week. 91,773

TURN ON THE LIGHT.

The Sugar Trust managers seek the protection of secreev for their business-verifying the Scripture, which says of conspirators that "they prefer darkness rather than light because their deeds are evil."

If the Sugar Trust, which Mr. HAVEMEYER testifies has combined \$45,000,000 of capital in its operations, had been formed, as one of the defenders of monopoly claims, to "secure maximum of excellence at the minimum of cost," would it have any reason for concealing its agreement?

It is a case where silence is confession Turn on the light.

KEEP IT UP.

The Democratic State Committee in Maine is circulating the President's Tariff Reform Message as a campaign document.

This is the best answer to the Republican bluff about using the Message on their side. If the Democratic party is not here to reduce the taxes, what mission has it?

THE WHEEL WRECKERS.

The visiting statesmen from Albany should put in some of their time in seeing the condition and effects of the street-car tracks in this

To help them and all concerned to an understanding of the demand for a removal of the wheel-wrecking, traffic-impeding and dirt-promoting rails now in use, THE EVEN-ING WORLD to-day gives the opinions and experiences of some of those who make most use of the streets.

The assurances of horse railway President and their lobby agents do not agree with with these facts. If the nuisance be not abated everybody may know that corruption has again prevented it.

ANOTHER DEAD ISSUE.

Secretary Endicorr's reply to the "rebel flag surrender" resolution of Bloody-Shirt BOUTELLE pours a whole reservoir of cold water on that cherished spark of a "burning

It appears from the records that Secretary STANTON, the idol of the ultra Stalwart Republicans, returned more "rebel flags" than any of his successors has done, and that Secretary Robert Lincoln, the sensible son of a sensible sire, ordered the boxing up of the useless relics.

Poor Foragen! Snubbed again.

THE OLD STORY.

JENNIE OSBORN, the pretty Newark girl who has just paid with her life the penalty of Daughter." her folly and sin, said to the doctor who attended her as she lay dving :

Think of a girl of twenty wasting her life on a married man! We went about together, and anything I wanted he would get for me. He gave me this diamond ring. It was through my vanity I ed my present condition. It is the old story of man's heartless sel-

fishness and woman's silly vanity. Every girl who receives attentions and presents from a married man, or "flirts" with a stranger, ought to know, from reading the papers, if her own instincts and conscience do not tell her, that she is walking on the edge of a precipice at the bottom of which is perdition.

Remember JENNIE OSBORN.

Manager Arrey is not the sort of man to wish to turn the life-blood of a little genius into dollars. If young HOFMANN is really breaking down-and there are reasons for believing that he is-he should not be permitted to play in public again, father or no father, contract or no contract.

CLAUS SPRECKELS, the California Sugar King, is coming to New York to see about setting up an opposition to the Sugar Trust. Anything that would restore competition would be welcome; but SPRECKELS is a good deal of a monopolist himself.

The Republican Club could not quite bring itself to testify to Mr. BLAINE's sincerity by accepting his withdrawal as genuine; but it adopted a resolution speaking of him in a laudatory manner-in the past tense.

The Nail Trust, it is reported, contemplate shutting down some of the mills in the "combine," in order to "maintain prices." The people have not started too soon to drive a hail in the coffin of the Trusts.

The previous question is whether the Demo erats in Congress are going to do anything to make it worth while to hold a National Con-

Mrs. LANGTHY appears to have taken up with a "chestnut" peddler as an advertising agent. He is indefatigable, but not original

J. Bull says that he hasn't thought of bbling the Venezuela mines. All right; THE BIGGEST DOG SHOW YET.

Many Ladles Looking After Their Pete in Madison Square Gardon.

Pandemonium is the only word expressive of the noise at Madison Square Garden when an Evenino World reporter dropped into the twelfth annual bench show of the Westminster Kennel Club this morning. It was before breakfast and past breakfast time, and the largest collection of dogs ever gathered in New York voiced their disapproval of this state of affairs unanimously.

The Garden, noted for its transformations, had undergone a marked one since the late go-as-vou-please. The sawdust track had go.as.vou.please. The sawdust track had been raised and the flooring relaid. The fences had been removed and the whole floor was divided into four broad avenues, on either side of which had been erected the temporary residences of the dogs.

The big dogs abode in light, open-fronted cages of galvanized wire, and the little dogs were housed in various fancy pieces of architecture in Queen Anne, Eastlake, Gothic and other styles.

tecture in Queen Anne, Eastlake, Gothic and other styles.

A very stylish family of pugs, consisting of an interesting young mother and five little chaps, were domiciled in a wicker summerhouse covered with peacock blue velvet and festooned with light blue ribbons.

A mouse-gray ar stocrat weighing about a pound shivered in a cardinal red velvet coat and nestled in a pillow of the same material.

A series of bull pups in cages 782 to 793 were interesting for their ugliness.

At the Fourth svenue end of the Garden the Cranmoor Farm's kennels exhibit a dozen prize-winning St. Bernards and mastiffs from Toms River, N. J.

The pugs seem still to hold their own in the favor of the ladies, and the St. Charles spaniels come next. There were many ladies at the Garden ministering to the wants of their little favorites.

James Mortimer is superintendent of the show. The opening is suspicious for success

show. The opening is suspicious for success The display is interesting to almost any one.

POPULAR MEN IN TWO PRECINCTS.

Sergt, Jermain, of the Eighth Precinct, is very popular among the men.

Roundsmen Lindeman and Landers, of Eighth Precinct, stand well for promotion. Patrolman John H. Finnerty, of the Eighth, received innumerable valentines last week.

Policemen Dave Gillespie and J. J. Bannon, of the Sixteenth Precinct, were married last week. Sergt. Lynch says that the men of the Sixteenth Precinct are among the best drilled in the city. Sergt, Weston, of the Eighth Precinct, is much iked by the residents of the precinct. Four strip s encircle his sieeve, suggesting twenty years of

AMONG THE COTTON BROKERS.

Herculean Walter F. Miller now regales himself very noon with a double brace of chops.

S. A. Fatman is an accomplished whistler, his talents in this direction giving him a fair claim to the title of a virtuoso. Mayer Lebman is one of the pillars of the insti-

ution, and, sithough an old soldier, has not yet joined the Veteran Corps. M. B. Fielding, the eloquent orator, is as con-

spicuous as ever and quite agrees with Mayor Hewitt on rapid-transit questions. John luman's predictions are already regarded with reverence. What he doesn't know about the cotton trade isn't worth knowing.

Nathan Hermann threatens to retire from the otton trade and go into the manufacture of violet water unless business improves.

Sol Ranger, sometimes referred to as the Prince of the Exchange," is a veritable information bureau. The boys all go to him for "points." "Rocky" Mohr, the Prussian soldier, is a loyal bear, and, moreover, the prince of circular writers. This is a branch of the trade in which not even Sam Hubbard can beat him.

Joseph T. Yeoman, the magnificent, still gives his friends plenty of opportunity to admire his fine physique. Mesars. W. H. Purdy, E. A. Graves, George H. Dewey and William Tubbs are united by a bond of sympathy in their admiration for Mr.

WORLDLINGS.

Probably the richest newspaper man in the world is Mr. Abell, proprietor of the Baltimore Sun, whose fortune is estimated at \$20,000,000.

Every man on the Kansas Cuy police force is a church member. Two of the officers are elders in the church, and any number of them are descons One of the best dentists in Mitchell, Dak., is Miss Dix, an accomplished young lady who is the junior partner in the dental firm of "George P. Dix

B. A. Roweil, of Greenville, S. C., picked up an old edition of Shakespeare's works in a Charleston bookstall not long ago and bought it for \$8. A day or two afterwards a bookseller gave him \$280 for it, and sold it in turn to a London dealer for £100.

Adelina Patti is said to believe in the superstitio of the "evil eye" and will not sing where there is a cross-eyed conductor. Bernhards places a simliar credence in the superstition and refuses to play at the side of an actor whose vision is in any way

Ex-Senator Tabor, of Colorado, has an income of over \$1,000 a day from his Vulture Mine, near Pucson, Art. He recently received from the mine a gold brick weighing 633 ounces, and valued at \$12,000, which represented the product of the mine for a little more than a week. George W. Mathias, a coal dealer of New Phila-

delphia, O., has a dog which bit young Frank E. Smith, a neighbor's son, in the face. He has developed strong symptoms of hydrophobia and his father has brought suit against Mathias for damages to the amount of \$500.

Sumner Howard, formerly Speaker to the Michigan House of Representatives and now a lawyer with a fine practice in an Arizona town, accepted a few shares of stock in an undeveloped mine last fall as a retainer in a murder case. A few days ago he was offered \$35,000 for the stock, but declined to part with it.

Two Illinois farmers, living near Tuscols, wen to law over a \$5 pig more than three years ago, and the case was appealed until it reached the Circuit Court. That Court has just decided that one of the litigants shall pay for the pig and the other pay the costs. Altogether, in costs and attorneys ees, the pig has cost the two men \$1,250.

Noted Around the Hotels.

A Washington millionaire, W. B. Noble, is at the S. G. Robbins and A. W. Pearson are at the Hotel Dam.

C. W. Cushman, of Buffalo, has rooms at the Hoffman. The bt. James shelters W. L. Hill, the Boston Ex-Gov. S. T. Hauser, of Montana, is booked at he Fifth Avenue. B. C. Hall, a prominent Baltimore business man, is at the St. James.

W. O. Carpenter, of the Troy Times, has taken come at the Morton House. Ex-Senator N. P. Hill, of Denver, is spending a ew days at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. Montreal is represented at the Union Square lotel by Wm. Niom, a merchant. The Sturtevant-House register shows the signa-ture of Dr. M. H. Brown, or Syracuse.

Gurdan W. Hull, a manufacturer from Walling-ford, Conn., and James H. Munson, a business man of Boston, are at the Gilsey. Among to-day's transients registered at the Asto are Truman Cowell, of Muscatine, Is.; Charle, which, of Detroit, and R. A. Sanderson, of Los

Death for a Small Cause.

Mill Messemo Paid A Coroner of the County of New York.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE EVENING WORLD. HERESE had bustled about doing little things that had to be done after Hector had gone downtown. She gave the dog, who looked more miser able than before, and seemed on the very point of shedding tears, a morsel of stale

bread. He sniffed it in a gingerly way and then looked up at Therese as if he would say: "What are you giving us?" He turned wearily away and left the bread untouched.

This was very trying to the simple, warm beart of Mrs. Lecroix, who felt that the doggy must be hungry. Ever since she first saw him she had the idea that he must be cold, with no fur to cover him, and now that she saw he would have to go breakfastless because he did not like stale bread enough to eat it, she was still more moved to sympathy.

She had been cold and hungry herself and knew that it was anything but pleasant. The good soul did not say : " If you'd rather be hungry than eat bread, why, it serves you right." Therese knew that she would rather eat stale bread than feel faint and have a gnawing in her stomach. But when she saw the small dog brighten up at the prospect of something to eat and then turn sadly away from the feast she offered him, she admired him as a high-toned animal who was above being tamed by his desire for food into par taking of vulgar fare.

Finally she thought she would run over and see her neighbor, Marie, who lived across the street. Mrs. Marie's husband was a ragpicker and they almost always had something to eat. So Marie was a little inclined to look down on the Lecroix, who frequently had nothing in their larder. But she liked Therese and was glad to help her by talk, when her neighbor was depressed or tired

So Therese and her friend had a good talk. Mrs. Lecroix stayed there nearly three-quarters of an hour. She told Marie under strict secrecy about the "find" that her husband had made and that she hoped they would get some money for returning the dog. She also told about her having nothing to feed him with and how much she wished she could give him a bone. Thereupon Marie went through the "Old Mother Hubbard" act without the harrowing result of finding the cupboard bare, for she came back with a bone that had at least three mouthfuls of meat on it, and it was big enough for him to gnaw on for a quarter of an hour. Therese thanked her and trotted home with the bone in her hand.



THE POLICEMAN GRINNED UNFEELINGLY. She went up the creaking wooden stairs with a light tread, full of pleasure at the thought of providing the dog with a meal and revelling in the picture of the satisfaction with which it would lick its chops after the meat. The door was open. One of the advantages of having nothing that can be taken is that there need be no great anxiety about keeping the door locked, or even shut, Therese went in. "Doggy, doggy," she

cried, holding the bone up in her hand The word died away on her ling. The do

was gone. She almost screamed, and let the bone fall

to the floor. But nonsense! he had only crawled under the bed. She looked at the leg of the bed, where the dog had been fastened. The string was tight around it still, but the other end was lying loosely on the floor. There was no dog at the end of it. Therese was frightened enough. The thought of Hector coming in and finding that his fortune, his \$25, had walked away was horrible. Oh, what would he say? What would he do? Ugh!

She looked in every corner of the room She fell on her knees, not to pray, but to peer under the bed. She looked under the stove, opened the table drawer, and even shook out an old dress that hung over s chair.

The dog was gone! She sank helplessly into a chair, perfectly overcome. The harsh tones of Hector's voice cursing her for her carelessness rang in her ears already. And she felt he would not content himself with words. He would

beat her. Oh, what would she do? She threw on her bonnet and ran down into the street. Had anybody seen a small dog? He had no hair on him. They must have seen him. He had only run away within the past half hour. The policeman on the corner surely saw him running down the street. Therese felt that he knew all about the dog, and even hinted in a timid sort of way that if he would put her on the trail, or get the dog for her, he should have a reward. Her husband and she adored the dog, and it was a great loss. Where did he see him last?

But the policeman only grinned unfeelingly, and told her he never saw a dog in his life without hair. Therese wandered around the neighborhood for an hour trying to learn something about the lost dog, but nobody The poor woman's terror increased. She

would have to meet Hector, and then! What | GIVE THE WORKERS A REST. could she tell him? She would go and see

Marie and consult with her. "The dog is lost. Oh, mon Dieu, qu'il est | THE SATURDAY HALF HOLIDAY THEIR BEST terrible!" she exclaimed, sinking into a wooden chair, her face the picture of despair. In the household of Marie it was the hus band who did the trembling, and this made ii hard for her to fully enter into the terror of Therese. But it was clear enough that Therese was almost scared to death.

"Hector will kill me! Oh, I don't dare to see him when he finds the dog gone," she cried pitcously. "I will not go home. I am too afraid." "No, Therese, you must go back," said

Marie decisively. ''Hector may rage and swear, but he will not do anything terrible. Where can you go? You will have to go home. Say to him that the dog became mad and you were afraid be would break from his string, he was so violent, and that you came to me to get a stronger cord. You were not gone five minutes, and when you hurried back, behold, the dog had broken free and had fled! Tell him that!" said Marie with a glow of pride over her powers of invention. It seemed the best thing to do. Therese felt that if a little fibbing would save her back and ears from Hector's hand that heaven would not hold her to too severe an account, and, anyhow, there was time to repent. She would do it. So she went back to her poor room, which seemed very desolate with the dog gone and her angry husband liable to come in at any moment,



HE RUSHED AT THERESE.

She waited three-quarters of an hour. She kept running over the story which Marie had nade up for her, but it was almost frightened out of her when she heard Hector's step on the stairs. The step was a little irregular and heavy, as if her husband's weight had been increased by several glasses of beer. And so it had. Hector felt so good over the \$25 soon to be in his pocket that he stopped at a saloon on his way home and "blew in all the money he had on beer. He came in and walked over to his wife a little unstead ily, with a paper in his hand.

You see?" he said, folding the paper so that he could call her attention to the advertisement. "I was right. Twenty-fivedollars! Where is the cur? I take him now to Mme. Ferguson."

He walked over to the bed. Therese had not touched the string. The dog had really broken away, and so she had left it just as she had found it. But she trembled as Hector looked at the string fastened to the hed-post and the end lying on the floor. He gazed at it a moment stupidly. Then he turned to his wife.

"What have you let him loose for? Where

is he ?" "Oh, mon Dieu, Hector, the inturiate little dog has torn himself away. He was pulling at the string, and I feared he would escape. went to Marie to get a stronger piece. It was only a moment that I was gone. I flew back, and behold! he had broken away and fled! I have searched the whole neighborhood and can't find him. But perhaps he will come back, or some one will find him and we will claim him."

Therese fold her story stammeringly. Hector waited till she got through, glaring at her. He realized the main fact that the dog was gone, and with him \$25! It was a terrible disappointment to him.

"You wretch!" he exclaimed, "you have let my dog escape! And I told you to watch him carefully and not let him go."

He rushed at Therese, and, winding his fingers in her hair, shook her violently. The woman screamed and put her hands-up to grasp her husband's. He continued to shake her as a terrier would a rat until he was exhausted. Then he gave her a push that sent her staggering to the floor and rushed out of

the house. (Concluded To-morrow.)

" Prohibit Funerals on Sunday." b the Editor of The Evening World: While putting in such good work for business and working people all around, why not strike a blow, or rather a number of blows, for the livery stable men? We work seven

days a week and sixteen hours a day.
PROHIBIT FUNERALS ON SUNDAY, to start
with. It is not a necessity to have them on
that day. Funerals are sometimes kept back lmost a week to have them on Sunday People want big funerals. Decency says, 'Small ones,' Imposing ones are a foolish waste of money in most cases.

Give us Sunday. We don't ask for Saturday half holiday.

A Queer Fish is the Flounder.

[From the Portland Oregonian.]
In a lot of fish received from the Sound yesterday by Louis Schuman was a flounder six inches in length, which was the same on both sides, that as brown, and covered with rough scales, that is being white on one side as flounders usually are. being white on one side as founders usually are. It is well-known that when flounders are very small they swim on edge like ordinary fish, and have an eye on each side of the head, but as they grow larger they become top-heavy and fail over, and the eye on the lower side skews around to the upper side, where it will do the most good. This fact is shown by some of the flounders having failen to the right and some to the left, as can be seen by the shape of their heads. The flounder above mentioned must have been more level-headed than the usual run, and had managed to ataud crect till his existence was put an end to. Frank Botefain has preserved it in alcohol, and will send it to some museum.

At Sessonable Idyl. There's no sound to me so thrilling,
Marrow-freezing, horror-filling,
Marrow-freezing, horror-filling,
Then it penetrates the region of matutinal repose,
As the voice of our Mariar,
Who's gone down to start the fire,
and comes back with the announcement that "the
water-pipes is fross!" water-pipes is frozel

A vision of the ruin A vision of the ruin
And disaster that is brewin'
Files across my morbid fancy in the twinkting of
and like guest of Banquo rises
The pluinber as he sizes
Up the blil we'll have to settle in the coming by
and by.

And John, unreas'ning creature.
With scorn in every feature,
Lays to me and poor Mariar what the
have done;
Asks how in the name of thunder
He's to stand it, till I wonder.
If I sent to Manitoon for this weather—ju

I'm dazed with hydrostatics, Hydraulics and pacumatics, And I wish improvements modern were asnd miles away; I'll hunt a flowing groom, Take jutta Mary Liser, had a section pon the surrous will tell for

TIME FOR RECREATION.

If Half of the Business Places Closed on Saturday at Noon the Other Half Would Have to De Likewise-" Evening World" Reporters Find Many Persons in Favor of the Popular Half Holiday.

Saturday afternoon ought to be a time for rest and recreation for persons in every branch of business in the city. Merchants and other men of affairs ought to take it as well as their employees. A half holiday builds up the worn out nerves, and at the same time does no harm to business. If half the places of business would close on Saturday at noon the other half would be compelled to do likewise for lack of business. THE EVENING WORLD has shown from many

sources that the Saturday half holiday is popular with all manner of people. If the testimony of others is needed it is not hard to get. Here are a few expressions of opinion picked up at random by Evening World re-

get. Here are a few expressions of opinion picked up at random by Evening World reporters:

John Campbell, contractor, of West Twenty-seventh street, said: "I favor making Saturday a half holiday throughout the year, I believe that when an employer is kind and considerate to his help that they will be faithful to him."

Charles J. Cody, undertaker, of 274 Ninth svenue, said: "Well, I don't know what the sensation is like to enjoy a half holiday, but I am anxious to experience one of them. I hope that The Evening World will succeed in making every Saturday a half holiday."

Edward J. Early, drug clerk in a large store in Tenth avenue, said: "By all means, make the Saturday half holiday a general thing throughout the year. If The Evening World succeeds in making this change it will receive the sincere thanks of thousands of drug clerks."

William Kennedy, drug glerk at Twenty-fourth street and Ninth avenue, said: "Put me down as being in favor of a general Saturday half holiday. I am also in favor of making every day a half holiday."

Mr. Frederick Dean, wholesale shoe dealer in Sixth avenue, is a strong advocate of the Saturday Half-Holiday bill. He employs about eight men and has always been willing to give them a half a day off on Saturday. To an Evening World at work in this cause. I believe that, as usual, it will meet with success."

Jotham Smith, a gun dealer in Broadway, said: "Our repair shop is in Fiftieth street, where we have thirty men at work. Saturday half holiday, and would willingly give my employees a half a day off."

Frank Champion, a livery-stable proprietor, said: "Put me down as an admirer of the Saturday half holiday, and would willingly give my employees a half a day off."

Frank Champion, a livery-stable proprietor, said: "Put me down as an admirer of the Saturday half holiday, and would willingly give my employees a half a day off."

Frank Champion, a livery-stable proprietor, said: "Put me down as an admirer of the Saturday half holiday. My men work hard throughout the week, and when S

laborer."

ELAINE'S LOST LOVER.

In the Guise of a Tramp He Witnesses Her Wedded Happiness.

[From the Hampton (Ga.) Times.]
In 1861 there lived to the lower part of this county, near Sandy Ridge Post-Office, an old lady by the name of Swann, and with her a grand daughter, Miss Elaine Marston, a most lovely girl of sixteen summers. Adjoining their home was the plantation of Judge Miller, the wealthy father f handsome young Harry, the devoted sweetheart senior, and when the order for sile of Georgia's sons between the ages of eighteen and fifty years to go to the front came, he at once began preparation to the front came, he at once began preparation that lithe, and enthusiasm of the Southern young that time. His Last parting was with his ''hitle aweetheart,' as he fondly called her, and his promises to return and make her his bride were sealed by many a pure kiss of love and tender embrace. For a while lattera—letters into the heart of klaine with Joy and brightest hopes of the future. Suddenly they cease and then comes one written by a friend telling of the capture of young Harry, the bravest of the brave, and his incarceration in a Yankee prison. Mostific of sorrow and anticity through they some "exchanges" from the Holy Father foundly it may love, however bitterly it may suffer, seldom breaks, and in a few years the image of the sandsome Harry was out a dim snadow, and handsome, charming woman. She nad many admirers, and on Dec. 25, 1860, eight years after the departure of her boy lover, Elaine Marston stood at the altar to become the wife of one of Henry County's most respected citizens.

The College of the Propaganda in Rome in Roy, where he took the degree of Doctor of Tamascus. He also obtained an audience and a special blessing from the Holy Father of Tamascus. He also obtained an audience and a special blessing from the Holy Father of Tamascus. In Tower Leaf the House and the House the was confined. The grief of Line and the House of the Was confined to perform the duties of that office on the bound the party was consected by the was chosen by the Archbishop to county home. See and many and the land of the Epidemon and the many comorts of a beautiful country though Hampton and languired for the home of Mrs.— He found the place, benefit the house of the war, of the Full and the earth of the properties of the departure of the house of the war, of the Full and the earth of the properties and the door.

Full The College of the Propaganda in Rome in Roton of the beautiful Elaine. Harry was two years her senior, and when the order for all of Georgia's sons etween the ages of eighteen and afty years to go

[From the Chicago Journal.] Said a religious friend to me to-day, "What a startling illustration of the doctrine of retribution was furnished by the recent death of Neas Mc Keague in Dakota. It happened that I visited the Willson mansion at Winnetka soon after the massaere of that family. The room in which poor bed-ridden Mrs. Willson was butchered was deluged ridden Mrs. Willson was butchered was deinged with blood; there was hardly a spot the size of your hand on the ceiling, floor, or any one of the walls on which there was not a spot of blood. The spots were three inches in diameter near the head of the be-i, and dwindled away in size until at the other, end of the room they were the size of a buckshot. It was the most horrible sight I ever saw. Now, do you remember that a few months afterwards Mc-Keague committed some sort of assault in Canada, on a young woman who was slone in a room, and that the thireat he made to her was that if she made any noise he would 'paint that room with her blood.' Keeping these facts in mind, how striking and how terrible was his death. He got into a gambling quarrel with another man, and as he seized a knife to carve the sniagonist the man seized a shotgun and, firing at him, blew his brains out. The people who sent the telegram knew nothing of the ghastly scene at the Willson mansion, but in sending the deapatch concerning nothing of the gassiy scene at the Whitson man-sion, but in sending the despatch concerning McKeague's desta, they said his blood and brains were blown all over the room. I can readily be-lieve that the scene at Winnetka was pretty faith-fully reproduced. That is wast I call retrifully reproduced.

Grass Widows Get No Insurance

[From the Chicago Journal,]
One of the most important judicial decisions ever rendered in this State was delivered in the Circuit Court by Judge Kirk Hawes yesterday. A membe of one of the secret mutual benefit associations had sured his life for his wife, giving her name, as the beneficiary, in the amount of \$2,000. He subsequently procured a divorce from his wife for her
marital misconduct, but he did not change the certificate of insurance in her behalf. After his death
the society refused to pay her the amount of the
policy on the ground that before his death she had
ceased to be his wife, and that after his death ashe
was neither his widow nor his heir. Judge Hawes
decided on these grounds that the divorced wife
was not entitled to the amount of the insurance.

CHURCH OF THE EPIPHANY.

Founded by the Rev. Dr. Burtsell, Who I Bill Its Paster.

It was at his personal request that the Rev. Dr. Burtsell, then an assistant at the Church of St. Anne's, was designated by Archbishop McCloskey to found the Church of the Epiphany of Our Lord in the year 1868. The first quarters occupied

by the congregation of

the new parish were

the hall and basement of the Demilt Dispen-BEV. R. L. BURTSELL. Sary, at Twenty-third street and Second avenue, which were fitted up as a chapel.

The success of his efforts to establish the parish was so marked that within a year from the beginning of the services a fine site for the new church had been purchased on Sec-ond avenue, and on May 30, 1869, the corner-stone of the edifice was laid. Archbishop McCloskey officiated, assisted by Vicar-General Starrs, the sermon being delivered by the Rev. William Morrogh. The erection of the church went rapidly forward from that time until its completion in 1870.

the church went rapidly forward from that time until its completion in 1870.

The dedicatory ceremony was performed April 30, 1870, by the Very Rev. William Starrs, Vicar-General, under the invocation of the Epiphany of Our Lord. The Rev. Dr. Edward McGlynn offered high mass, and the sermon was preached by the Rev. Thomas S. Preston, of St. Ann's, now Vicar-General.

The style of architecture of the building, which was planned by Architect Le Brun, is Italian of the thirteenth century, being a pure example of the Lombard style. It is built of Quincy granite, the upper part being of Ohio and Belleville sandstone. Its dimensions are 66 by 145 feet, and the tower at the southeast angle is 125 feet above the basement. The interior decoration of the building is simple, but artistic and impressive in its effect. The church has a seating capacity of 1,650 and will comfortably accommodate 2,000 persons.

000 persons.
One of the first things accomplished by Dr. Burtsell after the organization of the parish was the establishment of a parochial school, but this was discontinued after three years, for the reason that the expense of maintaining it was too great at that time. Instead of this, however, the pastor and his assistants gave instruction to the children of the Sunday-school on certain week days, a system day-school on certain week days, a system which proved very successful and has accom-

which proved very successful and has accomplished great good.

During his visit to Rome in 1876 Dr. Burtsell obtained an audience with the Holy Father, and obtained a special plenary indulgence for the parish of the Epiphany. He also purchased in Lyons, France, church vestments of sumptuous elegance, which are worn only on special occasions. They are said to be the finest in use in any church in this country.

are said to be the finest in use in any church in this country.

In 1876 the limits of the parish were enlarged so that it now extends to Broadway. Its Catholic population is numbered at about twelve thousand. In 1885 the church was thoroughly repaired and redecorated, the altar paintings representing many Scriptural scenes, being the finest in any church in this city execut perhaps St Stephen's They city, except, perhaps, St. Stephen's. They were executed by Philippo Costaggini, who has since been chosen to continue the work in the Capitol at Washington begun by

Brumidi.

The parochial school building in Twentysecond street, which for some time past has
been building, is now nearly completed and

second street, which for some time past has been building, is now nearly completed and will be ready for occupation within a few months. It is five stories high and its dimensions are 75 by 50 feet. Its cost when completed will be \$65,000.

The Rev. Dr. Richard Lalor Burtsell, who is still the pastor of the Church of the Epiphany, was born in St. Mary's Parish in this city April 14, 1840. His early education was received in the parochial schools of St. Peter's Parish and the College of St. Francis Xavier. He studied theology in Montreal and completed his ecclesiastical education at the College of the Propaganda in Rome in 1857, where he took the degree of Doctor of Theology in 1862. He was ordained priest in the same year by Mgr. Clementi, Archbishop of Damascus. He also obtained an audience and a special blessing from the Holy Father the same year before his return to the United States. In November, 1862, he was appointed assistant pastor at St. Ann's Church and continued to perform the duties of that office



Just Indignation. (Jack has left one of those extremely English walking-sticks too near the parrot.) Parrot (hysterically)—Johnnie, get yer gun, get er gun, get yer gun!

Disciplining the Stuff.

[From the Chicago Pribune.]
John L. Sullivan (as editor of Boston paper, to rembling subordinate)-You're the little squirt, are ye, that let that editorial alip through this morning about whiskey and tobacco not being necessities, hey? Take that! [Knocks tremeling subordinate down two flignts of stairs, and turns to office-boy.] Now tell the man that wrote that ed-itorial to come in here. I want to see him!

[From the New Orleans Picayune.] A new bicycle is called the road-sculler. It is a complete adaptation of the rowing action, with a sliding seat, to a tricycle. None of these machines will be perfect until something is invented to enable a man to wheel himself home in a wheelbarrow, accompanied by an automatic attachment that will take his boots off and find his night-key.

A Great Desideratum.

A Diagrace to the Force James DuBois, a New Yorker, challenges the vorid to produce any one who can match him in a "alceping contest," to last 142 hours on a stretch. We snould tolak the New York authorities would dismiss a man from the police force for issuing such a challenge.

Her Favorite Flower. [From the Pittebury Chronicle.] tains large damages for breach of promise of marriago?" asked the Snake Editor.
"Give it up," replied the Homes and the Homes and the Homes are the Homes and the Homes are the Homes and the Homes are the

THE PEOPLE'S OWN COURT.

PHASES OF EVERY-DAY JUSTICE DEALT OUT IN THE FOURTH DISTRICT.

fustice Steckler Distinguishes Between the Just and the Unjust with Rigid Impartiality-A Walter Who Claimed a Very Blg Tip-Two Johns in a Dispute-A Cape. Coated Man Taking Sketches.

".Standing Room Only " should have been posted outside the Fourth Judicial District Court, for inside the awe-inspirin room of justice all the seats were taken by a gay and truly festive crowd of east-siders. Some of them, though, were not festive, for they were figuring in the suits to be tried as defendants, and if judgment should be found against them it meant that various and divers shekels would have to be paid out of their coffers.

At 9 o'clock Justice Steckler, as is his pleasant custom on Mondays, Fridays and Saturdays, got into his pulpit. A brilliant idea struck Prof. MacNichol, and he rose to address the assembly. With an appropriate speech, full of sentiment and dry humor, he hinted that court was open. Down comes the gavel of the Judge, and a large hunk of silence evinces

"Schneider vs. Horn" is the first case, and Henry Schneider, a baker, and John Horn, proprietor of a bakery, take a front pew. Henry Schneider is a horny-handed son of toil, and he is glad of it. Some time ago, he states, he was employed by John Horn as a baker at a salary of \$15 a week, which he calculated to put into his inside pocket every

culated to put into his inside pocket every Saturday night. He was doomed to disappointment, however, for on the third day he was discharged. Hence the suit.

Mr. Horn, though, deems it advisable at this juncture to make a few disclosures as to how Schneider fell from grace. He acknowledges that he employed him at \$15 a week, but the man did not do his work in a fitting manner. Furthermore, it was to his great mortification and embarrassment on the third night—save the mark—to find the festive Schneider in a very uppish state, brought on by too much beer.

by too much beer.
"Were you drunk?" asks Judge Steckler
of the plaintiff.
"No. Your Honor, I was not," was the emphatic reply.
Why." explains Mr. Horn, "he and two
other men worked the growler elevan times,"
"Four, Your Honor," interrups the plain-

Some dry statistics about the exact number of growlers worked follows, in which the dis-closure comes out that Mr. Horn had taken a drop or so, too.
"Well," says Judge Steckler, "I'll decide
this case later in the day."
The next case had to be handled with ex-

treme delicacy.

John Lang, a crayon artist, sues Mrs. Annie
Seike, a middle-aged woman, for \$12, the
value of two life-size crayons of Mrs. Seike
and her late husband, Mr. Lang takes the

and her late husband. Mr. Lang takes the stand.

He told how the crayons had been ordered at \$6 each, and he produced them to show that they were good likenesses. As Mr. Setke was dead he saw plainly that it would be out of the question to show that it was a life-like picture, so he furnished a photograph of the late Mr. Seike.

Mrs. Seike was in Court, and although she protested with flat irony that the picture was a caricature, most of the art critics present thought that itwas a pretty good likeness. John Lang went on to say how Mrs. Seike had offered him \$2 each, as she asserted that she was a business woman and positively knew her business. He had scorned the paltry offer.

Mrs. Seike, when her turn came, asserted first that the pictures were wretched and that the artist had agreed to give her an elegant likeness, hence she declined to pay for them. Judgment was deferred in this case. The principals to the suit went away in a state of awful suspense.

The drama of the "Two Johns" was next

principals to the suit went away in a state of awful suspense.

The drams of the "Two Johns" was next enacted. John Williams sued John Malone to recover 250 pounds of brass fittings, valued at \$450. Williams is a dealer in brass goods in West Thirteenth street. Three boys in his employ—Fred Brouman, Adolph Brouman and Rudolph Kramer—with a natural

man and Rudolph Kramer—with a natural bent for industry, conceived a brilliant money-making scheme.

They appropriated at various times 250 pounds of brass fittings, and sold them to Mrs. Junk Dealer John Malone at the extremely reasonable price of four cents a pound. As the true value of the brass was between 25 and 40 cents a pound, it will be seen that there was a reasonable profit for the junk dealer.

The boys all testified under oath that they The boys all testined under oath that they had stolen and sold the brass to Mrs. John Malone. When the head of the house of Malone was put on the stand he testified that he had not bought the brass, had never seen the boys, and if the brass was bought by Mrs. Malone it was without his knowledge or consent. Judgment was found for the defendant

ant.
About this time a yellow plaid cape over-

coat, with a young Englishman inclosed in it, came in and sat in the lawyer's den. He took out a sketch-book, made himself quite took out a sketch-book, made himself quite at home and proceeded to observe and trans-

at home and proceeded to observe and transfer to paper his picturesque surroundings.

A \$39 tip is all that Waiter Robert Deidrick claimed. He had worked last summer for Christian G. Fraish, a wine dealer and restaurateur at Coney Island. One day a man who had been to the races came in. He brought with him quite a comfortable load of spirituous liquors, which he had deftly concealed within his ample frame.

Some one prompted him to give the waiter, Robert Deidrick, \$39 as a tip.

This was somewhat more than Robert had reason to expect, and oddly enough he refused it. The loaded stranger insisted, however, and so he took the roll of bills. He gave them in charge of Proprietor Fraish, and now regrets it, for the proprietor declines to give it up.

In his own defense Mr. Fraish stated that

gave them in charge of Proprietor Fraish, and now regrets it, for the proprietor declines to give it up.

In his own defense Mr. Fraish stated that he knew the inebriated stranger, not by name, but had seen him often. He knew that he was in business about Fulton Market and he was keeping the money to turn over to him. He doubted the statement that the money was given as a tip and believes that it was merely given over for safe keeping. Justice Steckler agreed with him and decided against Waiter Robert Deidrick.

That great American institution, the Irish servant girl, came to the front in the next case. Mary Walsh, a domestic, sued Mrs. Mary Lee, who runs a boarding-house, for \$9, one month's wages. She had worked for Mrs. Lee for twenty-seven days, then, owing to sickness, she had left.

Mrs. Lee told a story of another hue. She arose to remark that Mary was a frivolous girl and was fond of going out nights. She did not attend to her duties properly and had been warned many a time. She poisoned the mind of the cook and made her leave. Towards the last of the month she grew still more frivolous and three days before the month

mind of the cock and made her leave. Towards the last of the month she grew still more frivolous, and three days before the month was over concluded to take an extra night off. The defendant told her she wouldn't get a cent if she did. She did. Hence the suit. This important case required the presence of more witnesses. It was held over. With great presence of mind Prof. MacNichol made a brief address to the empty court-room, and court was closed.

The yellow plaid cape overcoat got up, and from within came the remark:

"This is a jolly good place to make sketches. There is not a blooming thing 'ere worth taking down, ye know. No more such larks as these for your 'unks."

MOORE MODERNIZED. Those WORLD "Want" ads.! those WORLD
"Want" ads.!
What tales they tell of orphaned lads
Who get nice "sits." as errand boys
By printing them, and, oh, what joys.

They also bring to homeless giris Who Lty thou, and obtain such pearing of country or plants, where they early be to the country and sing the praise of World " World " with